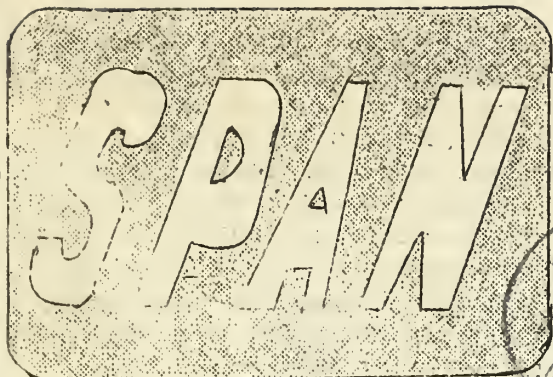


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ELECTION

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SPORTS, PATTEN AND NEWS

Volume 9, No. 63, June 1, 1944

REA HIKING CLUB

Charming Virginia Goergens will lead the gang of REA hikers this coming Sunday, June 4, to Kirkwood Park. Everyone should meet at 1:45 P.M. at Kingshighway and Manchester. Bring a picnic lunch. A pleasant afternoon has been planned the main attraction being a game of softball.

GOLFERS

The golfers really turned out last Sunday making the following scores:

George Dillon	97
Art Gerth	106
George Lewis	121
H. V. Killion	93
J. Warner Pyles	96
"Sturdie" Sturtevant	93
L. C. Roenigk	98
W. L. Woehler	86

HEARD AT THE REA BIRTHDAY PARTY

An REA'er went to the bar and ordered a Martini, drank it, chewed the bowl of the glass up, and threw the stem over his shoulder. He continued this for about six Martinis and noticed that the bartender was staring at him. "I guess you think I'm crazy, don't you?" he asked. "I sure do," the Bartender replied, "the stems are the best part."

SHARE THE RIDE NOTES

WANTED--Two or three riders from vicinity of Clara and Easton Ave. along Wellston Street car line. Those interested please contact R. Tolpen, Room 240.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party. Oops the typewriter slipped. Getting down to business, however, be sure and cast your vote for the best man or woman as your employee member of the USDA Board of Review on Efficiency Rating today. The mere fact that you don't know them from Adam is no excuse--you didn't know Adam either. Voting is from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M.

Management Division

Office of Solicitor
Library

Vote on the 5th floor

Personnel Division

Technical Standards Division

Finance Division

Information Division

Vote on the 7th floor.

Office of Administrator

Design and Construction Division

Applications & Loans Division

Cooperatives' Operations Division

Vote on the
10th floor.

HAVE YOU BEEN ON THE JOB EVERY DAY?

We spilled our blood in the jungle mud
And we didn't have much to say
And we shared our bread at the side of the dead
But where were you that day?
We steamed in sweat and our clothes were wet
But we fought every inch of the way
And we wished to hell as our buddies fell
That you had worked that day!
Sweat and mud and tears and blood
Are part of a soldier's pay
We aren't done yet---but don't forget
WE'RE COMING BACK SOME DAY!

Written by a soldier somewhere overseas.

WANTED -- An electric fan by that optimist B. Krug in Room 840. It must be the heat, eh, Bernie?

DIDJAKNOWTHAT

Summer is just around the corner - the elevator fans have shed their winter petticoats and our own little gadgets are whirling merrily away in an attempt to shed the accumulation of good, old St. L. soot and the gals are bursting forth with nether appendages flaunting every known make and shade of sun-tan. Meanwhile the cussin's and repercussions of the moving go on and on but this time retributive justice took a hand - yes, Mr. Radley has lost his six-inch archi-tect rule which he prizes very much because of the tricks he can play with it and he would like to have it returned sooner than soon. It is this little gadget which he uses to measure a foot and then taking any little ol' odd number which might be laying around loose he just blithely multiplies and tells the unwary they have more square foot per capita than is allowable - he also throws in that old gag about policy. That one covers everything from lack of air to sufficient space for the costumer (hat-rack, to you) so frankly no one will be much disturbed as to whether he gets it back but everyone should hope that he gets a good 12" rule for use in the next upheaval and as an afterthought he might take into consideration dusting off the Golden one for a change. The Finance Div. really had all the fun. They had to remove a partition on the 7th floor and the inhabitants emerged in droves - big ones, little ones, fat ones, lean ones - in fact all kinds came scampering hither and yon to be greeted by the anguished screams and fainting spells on the part of some of the weaker sex. Uncle Joe called frantically for a Pied Piper but having none available F(allen) Vardy just called Management and soon our dignified Colonel with Messrs. Radley (may he suffer from insomnia) and Buchanan rushed to the beleaguered brethren and the flit flew. Now Robbie's troubles are in reverse - he got "tickee" but no "shirtee". His China boy has departed for parts unknown altho' R. is convinced that never will the Generalissimo's army have been so well togged out as when they snap to attention arrayed in his shirts and those nylon socks of which he is so proud. Some have been hateful enough to suggest that he borrow some of his gal-friends' leg lotion and take to shorts - heaven forbid. H. Debord who used to hold forth with J. Levin's Latin American trainees writes that her new job is beyond her expectations - she's so happy working and learning that it even makes up for the fox-hole in which she now lives. If any proud possessor of superfluous gas ration coupons would like to go fishing on June 4th, down Mississippi way, please get in touch with G. Cole. HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE: Thompson's doing a land office

business on the holiday - counted 644 customers, though it might be some of them took a second trip; J. Koechling leaving us for a job which will take her tripping at someone else's expense; Scout Master Briden having to sample all kinds of culinary concoctions so he could in good faith bestow a badge of honor upon his boys and then suffering hours of agony; The Dawn Patrol (also noon and night) of the 4th floor by "Jeep the Jerk from Albuquerque"; Sandy Puls, a new employee, being broken in - or might it be the preposition is "down" in Reg. V of D&C; B. Weaver on a visit to the Lord Duke of Normandy trying to dodge the bite of a termite and breaking his glasses which leaves him completely in the dark; Catharine Ryall all in a dither over a.l'ing in Monroe, La.; J. Owen being feted in Washington by the widows he left behind him; L. Bean a.l'ing in Virginia but before he left he made all arrangements for an abode for Capt. Smith whom all in Legal will be glad to welcome back; Sailor Steve Brody making a call on his old cronies; R. Nienaber back from her "furlo" and smiling a mysterious smile which none can fathom; D. Carmack entertaining her Paratrooper husband; P. Euler coming to the rescue of damsels in distress with his lighter that really works; all the REAers hanging out the windows to see the holiday parade and one J. Farmer tickled to death to find out "Oh, are there men in this war" - while BB's long distance vision for the form dec-vine was the envy of the oldsters who bewailed they were missing too much; TSD moving again and that reminds a certain engineer of a very funny story which can't be printed in this issue but if anyone really wants to know 'tis suggested they call 368; M. Mason back again sans a bit of weight which all contend she lost in preparing for dotter Betty Jean's examinations; J. Andring back from Texas and REALLY missing those steaks!

SPAN is published by the REA Athletic Association for employees of REA, F. Speh, Editor; S. Norton, Associate Editor. Signed contributions are welcome and should be sent to Frank Speh, Room 1050.